

# Lowkey - Freestyle 2 Lyrics

Artist: [Lowkey](#)

Album: [Uncensored](#)

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The album, coming out November, Dear Listener  
The Mongrel album coming out January, Better Than Heavy, cheez

Listen, this is what we say to them Channel U youths, listen, them little Channel U kiddies, listen...

OK!

So what you're on the telly  
What you know about putting out three CDs before you were twenty?  
You know that you heard of me  
What you know about being eighteen and doing shows in Germany?  
What you know about four stars in a magazine?  
What you know about the game, waste man I have the key?  
What you know about hundred bars on the radio?  
Nothing, you weren't making dough you were lazy bro  
You're following, before you were bothering I was on this ting  
Songs filled my pockets with profit, I'm being honest king  
Said it's all politics before anybody hollered it  
Turned down chances cos I knew what they were offering  
Called out a couple names, had the game gossiping  
Never hear Kizzy on the track with Lady Sovereign  
Might see me in your girl's favourite magazine modelling  
Pulling up in a tinted whip with a model in  
Shot my first CD myself it was astonishing  
Stockers wouldn't stock us now we tell 'em stop grovelling  
Our shottas shot to shoppers and shottas we got a lot of them  
Coppers can't cop it, were coppers so stop copying  
Now we're topping the toppers from Tottenham to Nottingham  
All your favourite rappers want us to do a song with 'em  
Me, I ain't bothered with all of the fake politics  
Me, I just live my life and stay positive  
Epitome of verse-killing, lyrically I'm hearse-fillin'  
Been out for a minute G... surfacing  
Your whole trilogy still didn't beat my worst rhythm  
What you figured B, you're as ill as me, I heard different  
See your favourite MC, I nurtured him  
And see all your favourite beats, I murdered 'em  
Face it your click is wasted, I won't work with 'em  
They certainly heard of me from Guernsey to Birmingham  
(Woo!) Cos the name holds weight, still I wake up to the same old hate  
And pray for a day my face ain't so bait  
I'm a rapper other rappers act like they don't rate  
Cos when DJs get my tunes they play it eight shows straight  
Rewind it and drop bigger bombs than NATO make  
To be real it ain't all about the radio play  
Cos we all wanna bust, there just ain't no space  
And the games dying, nobody's getting record sales  
Channel U's full of sweet boys try'n'a impress the girls

The only rappers a lot of bredders have ever felt  
Are dead or depressed in jail and never getting mail  
When alive they hate, when gone, you're the best ever  
This ain't a comeback fck that, I'm a trendsetter  
People talk and get me differently twisted cos  
This rap sht is the motherfcking business  
So what you peddle pebbles, you're dead whenever my pencil moves  
On every level I rep with rebels, you never lose  
You resemble devils with terrible tales you sell the youths  
You need to fix up yourself and tell the truth  
You've been rich for ten plus years, still sellin' crack  
Saying that you're still bustin' guns, why tell em that?  
Knowing that these kids emulate every rhyme you've ever spat  
You need to get your role models from somewhere else instead of rap  
You shouldn't really need me to explain  
You know that you imitate with what you speak and what you say  
You've got more power than their parents but you're leading them astray  
You don't tell them that these illegal ways will lead 'em to the cage  
I'm pssed. Why? I got dck-riding bredders hating  
While you spit rhymes that misguided my generation  
You're not real, cos what you're saying ain't the truth  
You're try'n'a kill the kids, me, I'm try'n'a save the youths  
The future's removal of humans, computers, pursued revolution  
Hell is hot we burn like chips in a pan  
At your kid's birth they'll insert a chip in its hand  
I spent so many sleepless nights pondering reasons why  
Most of the good people in my life seem to die  
See my eyes take a look, deep inside seek to find  
The bottom of my soul, find the hole where my demons hide  
All I want's a peaceful life, but I can't see it like  
Every morning Mum weeps and cries so I don't even try  
Still she teaches me right, stay humble and be polite  
But she never saw what I saw on the streets at night  
I just wanna see the light, raise a yout', feed my wife  
But they're try'n'a take away my freedom so I need to fight  
Redesign your feeble mind and read the signs, be advised  
Either I get it or I'm taking what I feel is mine  
My life is like the best book you ever read  
Spent nights listening to Westwood and getting vexed  
My pen writes when I'm depressed cos I never slept  
Bredders step, let's do it man to man like Red and Meth  
You can freestyle all day, I make the best songs  
I'm like an insomniac's bed, rarely slept on  
The open mics, you know that's where I got my rep from  
Shady bredders thought they were big but they were dead wrong  
Rap with the spitter's spitters and spit for the rapper's rappers  
I rip the rhythm to ribbons from Britain to Madagascar  
Listen to lyricists and I diss all the backwards actors  
Dismiss all the killing sht cos none of that crap should matter  
You know I'm right, go and find a rapper that's as real as this  
He couldn't battle, the flipping demons that I'm dealing with  
I know my life ain't the hardest but even if you envy what I got  
And you wanna swap, we can switch  
The artist, slash terrorist, slash Double P representative

Slash the worst rapper could ever diss  
Slash activist, slash kidnapper of the president  
Slash his wrists and leave a flippin' slash where his temple is

(Yeah! Cheez, let's keep going man. I do this all day  
Dear Listener LP November)

Listen, this is for all the hungry rappers out there yeah?

Listen, listen...

Since the day you left I've been stuck in place  
They say that time heals, but still nothing changed  
Every time I close my eyes I see you stubborn face  
And every morning I'm home I see my mother's pain  
The day you died, I had a dream where I said sorry  
I threw the second piece of dirt on your dead body  
When I don't see Mum for a while I get worried  
Cos if she died then that would take the rest of me  
Sitting in the hearse, driving to the cemetery  
I kept wishing it was me that was getting buried  
In a lot of ways, I feel like I'm dead already  
Cos it's October and I ain't cracked a smile since February  
I can feel it in the air, coming I'm just getting ready  
I just wanted to hang about but you would never let me  
After you passed, advice I was getting plenty  
I made you famous because 'Bars For My Brother' was legendary  
People all over the globe shared in the pain  
But how could you leave our parents this way?  
What's worse than losing a son? I compared in my brain  
Nothing! While I just sit back and stare at this page  
I know you know that I didn't really hate you  
But if you were still here would I appreciate you?  
I don't know, harsh reality is so cold  
Dad visits your grave every week but I won't go  
A crossroads not knowing what way I wanna choose  
Like I'm cursed to an eternity of solitude  
MPs talking 'bout their bollocks views  
I'm having arguments with the telly when I watch the news  
You know that feeling you get when the whole world's on top of you?  
Your demons seem to follow you  
People say they're there but don't bother to holler you  
Can't trust yourself so trusting them is impossible  
No one said life was supposed to be fair  
Can't tell people what you're going through, they won't even care  
You're not the only one feeling trapped, lonely and scared  
Waking up in cold sweats but nobody's there  
You're in a dark place, running from issues that you can't face  
Conversations make your heart race at a fast pace  
Can't relate to anyone, that's something that you can't face  
Never ever act like we are, but we aren't mates  
You just ate but you're still hungry though fam  
Walk like I'm young but talk like a grumpy old man  
I hate thinking 'bout the future, why? Cos it hurts me

Imagining myself still living with my Mum at thirty  
Really not sure if I'm stable mentally  
Cos I always focus on my painful memories  
I pray for my family, pray for enemies  
Pray for my friends and myself cos I never sleep  
Pray for the day I break from this cage and they let me free  
Pray that I'm sent to a place that is heavenly  
Pray for my present, pray for my legacy  
And pray it's in a positive way, they remember me

Yes, MK, peace and love yeah